

## the end of me is serenity by Mouthbreather (scalding\_coolness)

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**Summary:**

"You're the. Reader. How am I sup-supposed to know?

"You're the listener! Were you not paying attention?"

"I was pay--"

"You should--"

"Girls! It's 10 AM for lord's sake." A voice interrupted. "Mornings are for coffee and contemplation."

--

Just a Sunday morning in the Hopper household.



## **1. I. it started with naps and worn-out paperbacks**

### **Author's Note:**

Inspired by the fanart that's my icon as of now.

She closed her eyes and leaned further back into the sofa, sighing with tranquility. Laps were so comfy and nice. The book in her hands fell over her stomach as her arms folded over it.

"Ahem." Eleven cleared her throat with her hands still holding a few strands of red hair.

The sound spurred the redhead out of her sleepy trance.

"I don't hear you reading." Eleven smiled.

"I was this close to falling asleep." Max huffed, showing a small pinch with her fingers.

"Yeah, well. I'm this close to just. Le-leaving your hair in this. Mess." El retorted.

Her speech wasn't anywhere near fluent, but she was getting there. It was so much better than it had been six months ago thanks to Hopper, books and Max too.

"You wouldn't." Max tilted her head looking back at El.

"Maybe, maybe not."

"Fine, fine. I'm reading." Max huffed and turned back to the book.

"Wait, where were we?" Her eyes scanned the page.

"You're the. Reader. How am I sup-supposed to know?"

"You're the listener! Were you not paying attention?"

"I was pay--"

"You should--"

"Girls! It's 10 AM for lord's sake." A voice interrupted. "Mornings are for coffee and contemplation."

"He's an addict," Max muttered before a look of mild panic crossed her face. You won't tell him I said that, right?" she asked, still turned towards Eleven.

"Addict? El frowned.

"Yeah, a-d-d-i-c-t." She spelled out, scanning Eleven's face. "As in a person addicted-- devoted to something." She explained. "How about that be your word of the day, huh?"

Eleven nodded, still pondering over the new word and it's meaning.

"Anyway, continuing." Max turned back around to the book.

Eleven ran her hand through Max's hair, smoothening down a few disheveled strands and tried to focus on what the other girl was saying. Max might be rough and tough, but her voice was the polar opposite. It was so smooth and comforting. Eleven didn't want to miss out on hearing it. Especially the way it softened when Max read aloud for her.

"Ellie?"

She looked so forward to Sundays now because Sundays meant Max coming over early in the morning and them doing stuff together. Last week Max had tried to teach her how to ride a skateboard. The keyword being tried. She still couldn't stay upright on one for more than three seconds, but Max being there to catch her every time she fell made the failure worth it. She would fall a hundred times in that case.

"El?"

She still remembers the day that made her let Max in.

***Eleven bid the boys goodbye and turned to walk towards Hopper who stood leaning on his car.***

*"El, hold on!"*

*She stopped walking and turned back to see the redhead standing in front of her.*

*They were nowhere near friends, but Eleven had stopped being negative to the other girl. They both had a mutual understanding to leave the other be, a small nod usually being their way of greeting each other.*

*"Mike mentioned you like to read." Max dropped her skateboard as she unzipped her schoolbag. "So I got you a little something. Nothing special--" She paused looking at the boys behind her not paying attention and licking her lips. "Just a book that's one of my favourites."*

*She gave Max a curt nod and took the book without the intention of reading it anytime in the near future. She was busy reading a book Mike had gotten for her, saying he'd thought of her when he'd seen it and wanted her to have it. And then there was the big carton Hopper had fished out from the storage. A bunch of Sarah's books.*

*Eleven gave the book a brief inspection during the ride back to the cabin-- home. It was slightly worn out and the texture was rough. The corners of some pages were folded as if bookmarking something. The cover read 'The Talisman' by Peter Straube and Stephen King.*

*After reaching home, Hopper and her ate dinner together. She sat down in front of the TV the second she was done washing her plate, turning it on and changing channels until she saw a soap opera airing on one.*

*"No way, kiddo," Hopper interrupted a while later.*

*She glanced at Hopper, letting him know she was listening before looking back at the TV.*

*"It's time for bed, come on."*

*"But it just started." She protested.*

*She was curious how the woman was going to apol--*

*"It'll air again. Up you go." Hopper held out his arm for the remote.*

*She begrudgingly got up, turning the TV off and handing him the remote.*

*He tucked her into bed before dimming the light and leaving with the door closed not all the way. Just how she liked it.*

*She tossed and turned for while, trying to get comfortable and keep her eyes closed, but sleep wasn't coming.*

*She sat up in her bed and sighed before her face broke into a smile. Maybe she couldn't watch TV, but she could read sure.*

*Eleven sprung off of the bed and went to pick up the book from the small shelf in the corner, but remained empty handed.*

*The book wasn't there.*

*She huffed, padding back to her bed and looked under her pillow before dropping to her knees and looking under her bed.*

*Why couldn't she find things when she needed them? She stood back up and looked around her small room. Where could it have gone? Books certainly didn't have legs.*

*Eleven flopped on her bed and pouted. She tried to ponder over where she'd last put the book Mike had given her. She distinctly remembered carrying it with her to his basement, she'd put it on the table, but she didn't remember picking it back up.*

*Her mood dropped considerably low with the realisation. She felt like throwing a tantrum when her eyes sourly fell on the mildly worn out book Max had given her a few hours ago. She huffed and with the shake of her head, got up.*

*Reading helped her sleep.*

*She hadn't known it was going to become one of her favourites too.*

That was three months ago. They were both at such a different page now. After that, Max would often give her books that she owned or sometimes just the name. They'd started hanging out within each others' vicinity more.

Eleven had learnt the redhead gave good advice.

Max d taught Eleven how to tell apart the best books from others. "Pick the most worn out ones," she had said. It hadn't made sense to Eleven at first, but she understood now.

The redhead had even come to accept Eleven's obsession with Eggos and cringe worthy soap operas (she always complained about them before joining her on the couch, almost always taking at least one bite of said waffle).

Eleven had gotten to know that there was more to Max and she wouldn't have it any other way.

No one would ever be able to tell by the girl's demeanor, but Max had a knack for words. Big words Eleven hasn't even come close to learning.

They had that in common. A love for words and books.

They'd come to respect each other's differences and grown to love the commonness. The boys still didn't know what had finally clicked between them two and brought them together, but they didn't need to.

"Eleven?!"

She jumped as her musings got cut off short. Max had turned around to face her once more.

"You keep spacing out. What is it?" Max frowned.

Eleven ignored the urge to lift her hand and smoothen out those lines of worry.

"Nothing." She shook her head.

How could she tell the other girl she'd been thinking of her, them?

"There is something." Max insisted.

Eleven shook her head again. Forming a sentence itself was difficult for her sometimes, coming up with a convincing lie was out of the question.

Max scanned her face for a few seconds before sighing audibly.

"Tell me when you're ready, okay?" she said before turning back to the book in her hands. The same one she'd given to El all those months ago.

El loved that about the other girl. Max never pressurised or forced the people she cared for into anything. She was, however, the complete opposite with those that she didn't.

She shook her head, giving Max her undivided attention, not wanting to zone out again. She ran her hands through Max's hair again trying to tame the wild trestles into a decent braid (the way Nancy had taught her to) as the redhead looked down at the book.

"And for the sake of my throat, please listen this time." Max added.

"I will." Eleven smiled even though the other girl couldn't see it.

"..but transcending the pain, or at least creeping around its edges, he had seen joy. Joy was unmistakably what that look was, and it scared Jack because it had seemed inexplicable. How--."

"Tracending?" Eleven stopped braiding Max's hair and interrupted.

She hadn't heard that word before, but then she hadn't heard a lot of words.

"Transcending." Max corrected.

"What does it mean?" She questioned.

Max paused, thinking of a way to define the word.



"It means surpassing or uh... like going beyond.. limits of something," she explained before frowning.

There was ought to be a better way she could've phrased that.

There was silence for minute and Max knew Eleven was trying to understand the word. She waited patiently and cracked her neck.

"And what's that other word?" Eleven's hand started their soothing motions again.

Max wasn't sleepy by any means, but if Eleven kept doing what she was with her hands, she was pretty sure she was going to be lulled to sleep soon.

"What other word?" She looked down at the book, rereading the paragraph.

"I don't remember.. how you said it, but there was another word."

"Inexplicable?" Max said through a yawn.

"Yes!" Eleven's voice carried eagerness.

Max smiled before thinking up the definition. She was used to doing that now (not that she didn't like it).

"Inexplicable is something that's.. impossible to explain," she said through another yawn.

"Are you sleepy?"

Max shook her head. "No, jus--." Another yawn. "Okay, yeah, I'm a bit tired."

'You're doing that amazing thing with your hands, how can I not be?' She wanted to say, but didn't.

Eleven quickly finished up Max's braid and moved out from behind the redhead.

"What-- where are you going?" Max straightened up from her slouchy

position in between Eleven's legs.

She held in the groan that almost escaped.

"Nap." Eleven took her wrist and Max let herself be dragged to the girl's small, but cozy room.

Max ignored the small skip of beat in her heart. She'd only been in Eleven's room twice. The first time being when she had come over with the boys and they'd all hung out until evening, she hadn't been very close to El then. The second time being when she had sneaked out of her house and slept over Eleven's in a small sleeping bag on the floor and left early in the morning, all because of Billy.

Max stood next to El's bed awkwardly as the other girl flopped down.

"Uh and where do I go?" She scratched her neck slightly with her hand before dropping it when she saw Eleven notice.

She hoped Eleven didn't know she did that when she was nervous.

"You go. Here." Eleven patted the empty space beside her.

Max paused with the thought of sleeping next to Eleven swirling in her mind, but gave in to the temptation, ignoring the guilt that churned in her stomach. It was too big of an opportunity to miss. She laid on the small bed hesitantly as Eleven followed.

"I have to go back before 12," Max whispered.

"We'll wake up. Before 12," Eleven replied.

"All right, then. Night."

El chuckled before closing her eyes. "Night."

Eleven felt so weird at the thought that she had once disliked *this* girl.

How could anyone be capable of that?

Max laid still with her eyes closed. She had been tired a minute ago (reading does make everyone sleepy), but she was too awake and

aware to sleep now.

She could feel Eleven's body heat and hear her breathing. And she knew, she knew if she moved her arm even a little a bit towards the right, it would touch El's hand (she wanted to).

Max breathed in deeply, trying to quieten her loud thoughts. The efforts died the second she felt Eleven snuggle into her.

No way in hell was she falling asleep now.

## 2. II. it ended with band-aids and eggos.

### Notes for the Chapter:

Here's the second part because they need a happy ending and someone wasn't getting any sleep last night.

Happy readings!

Eleven bookmarked the page of her book, putting it aside as she glanced at the wrist watch Mike had given her again and huffed for the nth time that day. The bigger hand was on 11 and the smaller one on 9 with a small Sunday and the date displayed near the center of the dial.

*Nine-five-five*

"Nine.. f-fifty five," she sighed out.

Eleven had seen Max three days ago along with the boys. Sometime after the sun had set, the redhead had bid her goodbye with a 'see you on Sunday', but it was close to ten and there was no sign of the usually punctual girl.

She picked her book up again, reopening it and reading just one line before closing it back up. Reading wasn't as fun without Max. If Max wasn't going to be able to come, why hadn't she said so?

Eleven got up with her book in her hand and went into the living where Hopper lay snoring on the couch.

She tapped on his arm, but it didn't rouse him from his slumber. Eleven nudged his shoulder a little more forcibly and Hopper groaned audibly before opening his eyes. He noticed her hovering and sat up lazily after a second.

"What is it today, kid?" He asked through a yawn.

"Max's not here." She straightened her lips into a thin before she could pout.

"And?"

"Call." She pointed to the telephone hanging on the kitchenette wall.

Hopper shook his head before getting up. "Kid, you know the rules."

"Call." She repeated.

A few months ago Hopper had shown her a paper with her name on it. Jane Hopper. He had explained that it 'certified' her birth 'officially', but they had to be 'cautious' for another year or two. *Cautious: careful.*

She still didn't understand all of what that meant, but her name was Jane *Hopper*. She knew what *that* meant and if she had to wait a year or two to fully live being Jane Hopper then she would.

But she didn't understand how a phone call could harm them. She just wanted to make sure Max was okay and Billy hadn't kept her from seeing her friends again, but the memory of what had happened when Benny had called social services swirled in her mind and she quietened.

"El, let's not be stupid." He walked off towards the loo and she followed him before he could go.

"Been there. Done that," she replied making him stall.

Hopper turned around with his eyebrows raised. "Now who taught you that?"

She paused as she scanned his face.

"I'm not mad, kid." He put his arms halfway up in a surrendering motion.

"Max."

"Of course." He shook his head.

"You said you weren't mad!" She jumped to Max's defense.

"I'm not." He clarified and entered the loo.

She bit her lip. If she couldn't call Max, she had only one other choice.

...

Everything was dark. She hated that because the empty darkness, out of all things, made her feel alone the most, but she wasn't scared of it. She'd been here enough times to not be that anymore. The thought of what could be lurking in the absolute absence of light did scare her. She didn't want an answer to that. She remembers not expecting to, but finding the monster in this same darkness. She didn't want something like that ever happening again. Eleven shook her head and thought of Max instead. She was here for Max and Max was *safe*.

A solid image built a few steps farther from where she stood in the blackness and Eleven's heart stopped pounding out of fear at the sight of Max sitting on her bed hunched over her skateboard with a roll of duct tape. She smiled and walked closer, curious to see what the long haired girl was up to.

Max was rolling the tape around her skateboard with shaky hands before she harshly tore it off with her teeth. She hadn't seen Max like that before. Eleven frowned with a mixture of confusion and sadness until she saw the way the skateboard was bent around one end.

*Oh.*

She knew how much Max adored her skateboard and she wished she could fix broken things with her powers if it meant Max whispering thank you in her ear with a beaming smile followed by a tight hug, the one where she could keep her head tucked into the redhead's neck for longer than 5 seconds, the one that meant something--something more, but she didn't know what.

She went to sit beside Max on the bed and she doesn't know how she didn't notice before, it was only when she'd settled down that she saw the cut across Max's eyebrow.

The sight jarred her capability to breathe properly and she took in another sharp breath when she noticed the blackness lining Max's cheek, contrasting against her skin like mud in snow.

Her heart clenched when Max sniffled quietly and her hands rose with the intention of bringing them around the other girl before

Eleven remembered she was just in the Void, she wasn't there with Max and the thought worsened the discomfort running through her veins instead of blood.

Max was *hurt* and *crying* and *alone* in her room trying to fix a broken skateboard. Three things Eleven hadn't ever imagined Max with. The Max she knew had the best taste in books, a voice that never shook and lithe arms that gave the best of hugs. Max was *fire* and she was *strong* and Eleven had just never stopped to think that maybe fire also meant *burning*.

And she reckons it was seeing Max like *that* that made her do what she did next.

...

Eleven knew for a fact that what she was doing was stupid. Hopper would lose his mind if he found out, but the image of Max crying in her bedroom alone was a constant motive to keep her going.

She tried to not let her nervousness show as she wiped her nose before taking another left turn. She looked off into the fields beside the road ignoring how it felt as though all of the eyes in the world were on her. She knew that was just in her head. She'd felt similar before when she'd run off to Chicago to find Kali.

A man had bumped into her and it had scared the life out of her because she remembers thinking that was the end of her freedom, but he hadn't even given her a second glance and she would've thanked him for it had he not been so rude.

*Mouthbreather.*

She had broken out of a stupid laboratory, this was nothing compared to that. Her hair wouldn't raise as many concerns, she wasn't wearing a hospital gown and she'd just eaten a good breakfast half hour ago. Her attempt to comfort herself did not work at all, but she kept walking down the road.

"For Max," she whispered to herself as she adjusted the small bag hanging down her shoulder.

...

Max tried to ignore the *loud* rock music pounding in her ears. It was giving her a headache and she cursed out Billy's horrible taste in music for a second time.

Horrible everything. He was a complete wastoid.

She scratched her itching eyebrow and groaned as it throbbed with pain and her fingers came back slightly bloody.

She wished she'd woken up a little more earlier. Maybe then she would've been able to spend her morning with El. She felt so angry at Billy and her Mom and her stepfather and just everyone because Sunday was the only day of the week that she looked forward to and it just had to be ruined.

She rubbed away the tears stinging the corners of her eyes. If she was going to cry again, it had to be for a different reason. *She wouldn't cry.*

If Eleven were here, she'd call her family "a bunch of Mouthbreathers" and then sit behind Max to braid her hair so she could skateboard without it getting in her face and eyes. The thought made her smile.

A chuckle escaped her lips despite how she felt. "She would totally do that."

Her thoughts were interrupted by something hitting her window. Max pinched her nose before getting up. If it were those damned kids again, she was going to give them a piece of her mind.

She slid her window open and looked below to see not kids, but a tuft of curly hair that reminded her of a certain someone poking out from under a cap hiding almost the whole face of the person.

"Uh, hello?"

At the sound of her voice, the wandering head looked up and Max genuinely thought she'd lost it. Billy had hit her too hard.

"Give me your hand."



The girl even sounded like Eleven. She rubbed her eyes and tapped at her ears. Could a hit to the head do that? She didn't know. She'd have to ask Dustin.

The curly haired lifted her arm and swung it to get her attention. "Max? Pull me up."

It was undoubtedly Eleven. Her eyes widened and she threw her arm out to pull Eleven up so quickly, it made her dizzy.

"I don't-- what-- how are you he--?"

"I sneaked out." Eleven cut her off.

"You did what?!" Her voice took on a higher pitch.

"I sneaked out." Eleven repeated before frowning. "Are you okay?"

Max eyes widened. Because Hopper was going to kill El and she should've cleaned up, but how on earth was she supposed to know that Eleven would sneak out to visit her if she didn't show up?

She was thoroughly confused when El's hand came to rest flat on her forehead as if checking for a fever.

"I'm not sick if that is what you're asking."

"Good." Eleven muttered before unzipping the small bag on her shoulder.

"Sit on the bed," she said as she pulled out some cotton.

Max's eyebrows furrowed once again. "Why?"

El pulled out some Band-Aids, pointedly showing them to her before gesturing to the bed.

Max walked to the bed in a daze. How did Eleven know? Or did she carry first aid everywhere?

"How do y-?" She started, but Eleven cut her off once more as she came to stand above Max.

"You.. said you would come, but you didn't. Hopper wouldn't let me call so I went to the Void."

"The void? Wait, the uh vacuum?" She closed her eyes as El's hand gripped her jaw softly and the other dabbed the cut above her brow.

"Vacuum?" Eleven questioned quietly.

"Yeah." She cleared her throat. "Space that is.. devoid of anything, empty, basically." She explained in a whisper.

Why was she whispering?

El's hand stilled on her eyebrow and Max opened her eyes to see the girl staring, no, staring was rude. Eleven was *gazing* at her.

Max's heart thudded a bit more obviously in her chest. Eleven was effortlessly pretty.

"I saw you in the. Vacuum." Eleven continued as the cotton dabbed at her eyebrow one last time and Max smiled.

Stuttering Eleven was the cutest.

"So, you visited me? When-- what did you see?"

Eleven nodded. "That doesn't matter."

Eleven had been worried about her. Eleven was cleaning her up. Max didn't want to stop smiling; the feeling was unfamiliar and weird, but weird was good.

If the world's weird was short brown curls contrasting pale skin, dimples, superhuman powers and stutters then she loved weird.

She came back to herself when El's hand pushed away a few loose strands from her face.

Eleven went on to put two Band-Aids over her cut and then bucked lower to inspect her bruised cheek.

Max faintly heard Eleven mutter "a bunch of Mouthbreathers" and guffawed, ignoring the questioning look El gave her.

"Does it still hurt?" Eleven caressed the purplish bruise.

She shook her head with the remnant of a laugh still etched to her face. It faded only when El's eyes met hers and Max *couldn't* look away and she didn't know why, but all of a sudden brown eyes became heavenly.

She realised then that they had unconsciously drifted closer to each other and Max became hyper aware of every single sensation that was running through her body. Eleven didn't look or move away when Max slowly stood up from the bed.

Eleven stared at Max, slightly short of breath. She could see all of Max's freckles-- *beautiful* and the pattern of her pretty blue eyes. She didn't know if one could see electricity, but she saw it swimming within Max's eyes. She didn't understand what was happening or why they were both all of a sudden so much closer or why she felt like closing her eyes and leaning into Max. She didn't understand, but she knew something was happening and she followed her instincts.

She closed her eyes the second she saw Max lean in. Max's soft, but firm hand cupped her cheek and she leaned into it as Max's other arm wrapped around her waist, tickling her insides. Her stomach churned with something she hadn't felt before. It hadn't ever churned with a good feeling before and she understood why when Max's lips closed in on hers not a second later and her breath rushed through her nose out of something that felt similar to relief.

Was this it? Was this why being friends with Max was different? She didn't get to ponder because Max sighed audibly before her lips slid against hers and Eleven shivered at the sensation before mimicking.

They pulled away what felt like hours later, but could not have been. Max was gazing at her with something so strong in her eyes Eleven's knees almost buckled at the sheer intensity of it.

Max caressed Eleven's cheek, much like how the girl had done moments ago. Eleven breaths rushed through her mouth in small puffs and Max couldn't believe she was the one stealing the other girl's breath when it was Eleven who was so mesmerising and breathtaking. She jerked forward to steal one more peck and they both chuckled when their noses bumped.

Max pulled her hand away from Eleven's waist, bringing it up to cup her other cheek instead as she leaned her forehead on the slightly shorter girl's.

"Thank you." She whispered and Max tried to stop her voice from cracking, tried to steady her shaking hands and blinked hard to stop the tears from stinging her eyes because this girl in front of her had been through hell, but she was heaven herself.

"Max.. what's- what's wrong?" Eleven frowned, leaning back to get a better look at her.

She shook her head, chuckling. Good lord, she was a mess. "It's nothing. I'm just-- I'm just emotional."

"Emotional?" El's frown deepened.

Max nodded. "I think."

She cleared her throat, looking into the other girl's eyes. "I think I'm." She paused.

"I'm falling in love with you," she said and the breath she'd been holding in escaped along with the words she didn't have the courage to say before.

Max scanned Eleven's face for some sort of reaction, but the girl stood still and dread sprouted its roots in her heart.

Who said that after a first kiss?!

She closed her eyes, her hands losing their soft grasp on Eleven's cheek.

*Stupid, stupid, stupid, stupi --.*

Eleven's hands gripped hers when they were halfway to her sides, guiding them back to where they'd been before.

Max opened her eyes and instantly smiled at the sight of brunette, her doubts disappearing like stars during the day. Eleven was pink from her cheeks up to the helix of her ears and all the way down to her neck. And Max didn't blink, wanting to memorise the picture and

embed it into the silver screen of her mind.

"I don't know if it's love t-that I feel, but. I feel so much of it and it's. O-overwhelming. And I love it." Eleven let out in between pauses as broken whispers.

And the words might've had been broken, but nothing had ever made Max feel so *whole*.

Max sniffled and smiled an ear splitting grin. Eleven shook her head shyly at that and her heart swooned. She chuckled wetly when Eleven bumped her nose with her own.

"It's gotten so red, it's cute." She beamed.

"Cute is an insult." Max muttered, not even trying to hide her grin.

Whenever she died, she hoped Eleven would be the death of her.

...

Billy had at last shut his stupid boombox off sometime ago and told her he was going out into town. She'd nodded, but locked her door.

She hoped he ran into Neil while he was at it. He would totally ge--.

"I almost forgot!" Eleven sprang up, letting go of Max's hand and making the redhead, who lay right beside her with one arm covering her eyes, jerk at the sudden interruption of the comfortable silence they were basking in.

"Forgot what?" Max sat up begrudgingly, her eyes following Eleven's figure.

The other girl was already halfway across the room in the midst of pulling something out of her bag.

"I brought Eggos for us!" She pulled out the toasted waffles and juggled the packet eagerly.

"Noooo," Max groaned, prolonging the O.

"Yessss," Eleven mimicked.

"Did you bring any real food?" She questioned, pleading with her eyes and hoping to get a yes.

"Eggos is the real food, Max." Eleven made a 'hmpf' noise walked back to the bed.

Max hid her smile at Eleven's cuteness and flopped back onto her back. Now that Eleven mentioned food, she was aware of the black hole her stomach felt like it was, but what Eleven had just pulled out was not edible. Maybe she could fix herself somethi--.

"I spread h-hazelnut butter on yours. You like hazel-n-nut butter right?" Eleven outstretched the waffles sandwiched together towards her and how could Max have the heart to say no when Eleven peered down at her with such soft eyes and pure innocence?

She took the waffle sandwich, her fingers grazing Eleven's palm as she did so and the curly haired girl grinned. It was hilarious to watch Max try and stomach her favourite snack.

"Thanks, I hope my taste buds survive," Max said before biting into it.

Even glared lightly and Max gave her a look akin to that of a puppy. "It's not so bad," Max added in between chewing.

Eleven's soft glare softened further at that until her lips broke into a smile.

"It's not bad *at all*." She emphasised making Max chuckle.

"Not bad at all." She gave Eleven a smirk that was returned with a shy smile instantly.

Max took another bite, hoping her dislike for the waffle wasn't too obvious. She glanced at El and did a double take. The redhead stared bewildered when Eleven finished chewing the last bits of her now finished waffle.

"You want some of mine?" Max offered sweetly.

Eleven nodded, not catching up with her ploy and Max leaned forward all too happily with the waffle in her hand. Eleven smiled goofily before biting into it and they sat there taking turns eating the waffle sandwich because they both knew Max would throw up if she ate it all herself.

There was no other way she would rather spend her Sunday.

### **Notes for the Chapter:**

Please let me know your thoughts on this! Your criticism help me solidify my weak points. Also, thank you to everyone who left kudos and comments on the last chapter. You guys make my days better.

fun fact: I really do love Millie's smile.

### **Author's Note:**

I might add another part to this, but it's a oneshot for now.

And I fixed the mistakes to the best of my ability.

Reviews make my day!